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morning air; the first glance of gentle eyes; to which we descend in the very spring and elasticity of mental renovation and bodily energy, in the gathering up of our spirit for the new day, in the flush of our awakening from the darkness and the mystery of faint and inactive dreaming, in the resurrection from our daily grave, in the first tremulous sensation of the beauty of our being, in the most glorious perception of the lightning of our life; then, indeed, our expatiation of spirit, when it meets the pulse of outward sound and joy, the voice of bird, and breeze, and billow, *does* demand some power of liberty, some space for its going forth into the morning, some freedom of intercourse with the lovely and limitless energy of creature and creation. The breakfast-room must have a prospect, and an extensive one: the Hyson and hot-roll are indiscussable, except under such sweet circumstances. But he must be an awkward architect, who cannot afford an opening to one window without throwing the whole mass of the building open to public view; particularly as, in the second place, the essence of a good window view, is the breaking out of the distant features in little well-composed morceaux, not the general glare of a mass of one tone. Have we a line of lake? the silver water must glance out here and there among the trunks of near trees, just enough to show where it flows; then break into an open swell of water, just where it is widest, or where the shore is prettiest. Have we mountains? their peaks must appear over foliage, or through it, the highest and boldest catching the eye conspicuously, yet not seen from base to summit, as if we wanted to measure them. Such a prospect as this is always compatible with as much concealment as we choose. In all these pieces of management, the architect's chief enemy is the vanity of his employer, who will always want to see more than he ought to see, and than he will have pleasure in seeing, without reflecting how the spectators pay for his peeping.

So much, then, for position. We have now only to settle the questions of form and color, and we shall then have closed the most tiresome investigation which we shall be called upon to enter into; inasmuch as the principles which we may arrive at in considering the architecture of defence, though we hope they may be useful in the abstract, will demand no application to native landscape, in which happily, no defence is now required; and those relating to sacred edifices will, we also hope, be susceptible of more interest than can possibly be excited by the most degraded branch of the whole Art of architecture, one hardly worthy of being included under the name; that, namely, with which we have lately been occupied, whose ostensible object is the mere provision of shelter and comfort for the despicable shell within whose darkness and corruption that purity of perception to which all high Art is addressed is, during its immaturity, confined.

MR. BAILY's statue of the Lord Chief Justice Mansfield, of the fine proportions and artistic merits of which our readers have already heard, is now in Westminster Hall, preparatory to its erection among the other statues in the vestibule of the Houses of Parliament.—*Athenæum*.

REVIEWS.

LESLIE'S HAND BOOK FOR YOUNG PAINTERS.

ALTHOUGH it may be stated as a general truth, that none but an artist can be a teacher of Art, it does not necessarily follow that every artist is a capable teacher. Most artists work by an intuition, indicating their result, and at the same time, the means by which it is to be attained, while they have not the slightest perception of the principles by which their result is really shaped, nor could they give a satisfactory reason for a single thing they do. This is well enough so far as their works are concerned, but in leading minds young in Art into its mysteries, the clearest perception of its fundamental principles is indispensable, and an artist who has not this, can only teach manner, and make his pupils imitations of himself. It is not enough that he should unconsciously have applied those principles rightly in one direction, but he must be able to follow them out in any direction, with the ability to indicate their true realization in whatever way.

Mr. Leslie demonstrates this position conclusively. A highly successful artist, in a limited range, he owes his success to a keen intuition, rather than to a knowledge of the principles of Art, and in fact made a grand mistake when he ventured on the field of authorship. When we see a man do a thing really well, we are inspired with a certain faith in his general abilities, which we retain so long as he does not show us, by actual failure, that there are some things he cannot do. Leslie, as the author, betrays the ignorance of Art, which, as a painter, we should never have attributed to him. He shows that he is superficial, not by negative testimony, but by certain grave and palpable errors of statement, which no man could have made who was possessed of a genuine insight into the arcana of Art. He perpetually confuses form with substance—method with sentiment, and indicates that beyond a certain point he is incapable of following the great works he treats of. For instance, in the following passage, there is an almost unaccountable obtuseness of perception:—

"A modern, accomplished, and eloquent writer (Lord Lindsay), following a notion of Blake, deprecates, for instance, the occasional softening of the outline, by comparing it to 'that lax morality which confounds the limits of light and darkness, right and wrong.' Not being a painter, he is not aware that he is here objecting to the truest imitation of Nature. Again, he says, 'We find the purest and brightest colors only in Fra Angelico's pictures with a general predominance of blue, which we have observed to prevail more or less in so many of the semi-Byzantine painters; and which, fanciful as it may appear, I cannot but attribute, independently of mere tradition, to an inherent, instinctive sympathy between their mental constitution and the color in question, as that of red, or of blood, may be observed to prevail among painters in whom Sense or Nature predominates over spirit.' * * * Then again, a distinction seems implied, in the passage I have quoted, between the Spiritual and the Natural, as if it were possible to express the spiritual by any other medium than the natural. A painter, it is true, may be very natural without being spiritual, but that which is spiritual in Art can only be fully developed

in the degree in which the painter is natural."

That an artist really capable of feeling the spiritual in Art could be guilty of making such a comment, we cannot think possible. Is there, then, no distinction between the spiritual and natural? It is no better than a quibble, to ask if it be "possible to express the spiritual by any other medium than the natural," because Mr. Leslie, as well as any other, knows that there is a difference between those works which make the expression of Spirit the end of Art, and those in whom the external and its attributes predominate over Spirit. It is true, that in all his color, Correggio is refined, but the artist who cannot distinguish between the feeling displayed in the color of Correggio and that of Fra Angelico, may well despair of comprehending the spiritual in Art. But he shows still more fully his blindness by another passage, which we quote:—

"Francia cannot be classed with the mediæval painters, as he was contemporary with Raphael; still, he is a painter whom it is at present much the fashion, with the advocates for the imitation of early Art, to praise.

"His two pictures in our gallery, are, perhaps, not fair specimens of his style; for the mediocrity that pervades them, as well in character and sentiment, as in every other quality, is redeemed only by the head of the Saviour, in the arched one, which is very fine, and the more striking by its contrast to the red-eyed angels on either side—for both of which the painter's lay figure might have served as a model. Nevertheless, as I have heard the entire treatment of these pictures highly commended by critics, who would almost exclude Raphael from among religious painters, I would ask anybody acquainted with Art—any one except a bigoted devotee to the earlier masters, to turn from the silver purity of Correggio, to the Francias, and tell me whether he does not feel how common, how toneless, and how hard their color is, compared to that of Correggio. I use the expression hard, for color may be hard, and always is so when destitute of the gradations and subtle varieties of tint, which are inseparable from it in Nature."

Doubtless, no admirer of Francia would think of comparing him with Correggio in color or chiaroscuro; but Leslie is guilty of gross critical injustice, in dragging Francia, a religious painter, to the standard of Correggio, a naturalist—if not a sensualist—and because he does not find the former compare with the latter in the above named characteristics, justifies his exaltation of Correggio by ignoring the spiritual dignity of Francia. And again, in speaking of Blake he says:—

"The truth is, Blake had attempted the imitation of those natural qualities of Art so often denounced as ornamental and sensual. He had suffered, as he said, from 'temptations and perturbations, destructive of imaginative power, by means of that infernal machine called chiaroscuro, in the hands of Venetian and Flemish demons, who hate the Roman and Florentine schools.' These temptations led him to experiments, in which he failed, and by a consequence which he did not see, he failed in an adequate expression of his conceptions, many of which are beautiful, and are the emanations of one of the purest and most sincere of minds; while Stothard, a far greater, because, as a painter, a far wiser man than Blake, by availing himself of the assistance of everything excellent in previous Art—which his just mind could always separate from the objectionable

in subject or expression, has left a rich legacy to his country, of the true, the pure, the playful, the graceful, and the sacred, enshrined in a style not faultless, certainly, but his own, and under the directions of a most refined taste."

How any man could compare Blake and Stothard, we cannot understand well—still less how, having made the comparison, he should therefrom assert that Stothard is a greater man than Blake. The fact is, that Blake's was a mighty imaginative mind, in the fullest enjoyment of the perception of the spiritual truths of Art, and he did not care for the refinement of imitation which other artists sought for, but struck at once at the idea he desired, while Stothard, though refined and pure in feeling, was eminently a painter of the pretty. Blake belonged to the family of Michael Angelo: Stothard to one which had no existence in those times of mighty thought.

The truth is, that Leslie likes Stothard and Correggio more than Blake and Francia, and would justify his preferences by making the worse seem the better reason, instead of making a manly avowal of individual liking, without reference to greatness. And, in truth, this seems to be the spirit in which the whole book is written; and the greatest part of the criticism is a futile bickering with those who do not think with him. He quarrels with Ruskin, because he does not like Constable—but without ever establishing his charges of inaccuracy against the "Modern Painters": he dissents, but never overthrows. Ruskin says Constable was unteachable. Leslie replies by showing that he drew copies of the engravings of the cartoons in pen and ink. Ruskin, again, says that "he knows no picture of his in which there are any signs of his being able to draw." Leslie replies by asserting that his studies show that he was as perfect a master of drawing as of color and chiaroscuro; and so with Ruskin's remarks on Canaletti's painting of water, which Leslie defends by assertions which show a complete ignorance of the appearances of water. And thus, through the whole book there is scarcely a bold exposition of a principle in defence of his views, but timid assertion and denial, with the air of a man who wants to argue, but is afraid to say anything decided, lest he should get into a discussion—so that, with much valuable dogmatism and information, there is scarcely an original or great idea in its pages; and the false and the true are so mixed, that the work can scarcely do a young painter any good. There is nothing which he can lay hold of and say, "I have a new thought."

His criticisms on the painters show him to be mainly interested in technicalities. With the Dutch painters, he is at home—his critique on Hogarth is fine and appreciative—but, among the religious painters he is lost. In landscape, he is overcome by his admiration of Constable, whom he will scarcely admit to have a fault. The chapter on portraiture is good, but commonplace, considering its source; and through the whole are scattered valuable suggestions and common sense ideas which may have occurred to many, but which, sanctioned by a celebrated name, will go further with the world, than if enunciated not *ex cathedra*.

Mr. Leslie repeats Dr. Spurzheim's charge against the antique called the Fighting Gladiator, with decided approval. Such a charge might be excused in a merely scientific man, but how an artist could make it, is more than we can reconcile with our ideas of study of the figure. We cannot do better, in reply to this charge, than by giving a note from H. K. Brown, the sculptor, than whom there probably does not live a more profound and appreciative student of Greek Art. It is strangely at variance with the timidity shown everywhere else in the book, for the author to throw himself thus thoughtlessly against the judgment of the artistic world.

"There is, however, one celebrated antique, in the attitude of which a serious defect has been pointed out by Dr. Spurzheim, a defect for which not all its excellence can atone. The hero, misnamed the "Fighting Gladiator," throws himself forward to attack, while his left arm is raised in defence: and yet a blow from a child on that arm would knock him to the ground: the right leg, which should render the attitude a firm one, being advanced instead of the other. Indeed, Nature would dictate a contrary position of the legs, without any knowledge of the science of defence, as will be at once felt if we attempt to place ourselves in the attitude. How such a serious fault should have been committed, it is difficult to conceive. The only conjecture is, that the position of the limbs was arranged by the sculptor as a matter of composition, without, what would have been the better mode, desiring a living model to place himself in a fighting attitude."

DEAR STILLMAN:—I read the above remarks in Mr. Leslie's "Hand Book for Young Painters," with no little surprise. Coming from so high a source, and being, as seems to me, so entirely false, I say this thus boldly, upon the authority of every great sculptor whom I have ever known, and from my own convictions after fifteen years of close and faithful study of that and other Greek works, and I can truly say to you, that among all the statues which I have seen, there is no one which combines so much power of treatment, so much knowledge of anatomy and *posé*, and all the science of Art, as the Fighting Gladiator.

That the attitude is the most natural and powerful which could be selected, both for the purpose of giving a blow and recovering position, any one can be satisfied of, by placing himself firmly in the position of the statue, and making the supposed thrust. In this attitude the extended left arm balances with the firmly planted right foot, while the left, which projects the body forward, has its counterpoise in the right arm, which is drawn back, and holds the sword: nothing could be more natural. Now, let the experiment be tried in the manner which Mr. Leslie suggests by reversing the position of the legs, and we shall find that the moment we attempt to give a forward thrust, we shall be pretty sure to fall upon the face.

To prove the perfect balance of the statue, I must tell you that a model in Rome, by the name of Sononezi, stood in the attitude seven hours, without moving during the whole time. In the position suggested by Mr. Leslie, no man could stand one hour.

This is a work not easily comprehended, for the knowledge displayed in it is consummate in all respects, and, in proportion to any one's understanding of it, I will venture to say, will be his admiration. It represents a powerful, athletic man, fighting upon his own individual responsibility, and with a manly energy of which no paid soldier could ever conceive. It always reminds me in its motion, of the swift pinioned eagle darting with unerring balance upon his prey.

The sculptor who made that statue did not regard it as a "composition." Himself was that hero, and he lived that fight over and over again, until it stood a realized idea before him.

Mr. Leslie's suggestion, that "it would have been

better to have *desired* a living model to place himself in a fighting attitude," shows that he has never sounded the depth of that great work. What model could have realized the idea which that sculptor saw? None but the gods could have set a model before him. A model served him—he did not serve a model. No man could have modelled that statue in less than three years, during which time he must have had before him constantly the best living forms of Greece, which he must have studied with an intelligence unknown to modern times. There is not a square half inch in that whole statue, which is not quivering with motion and life. If there was no other fact to prove that the Greeks dissected, this work, to an intelligent mind, would put the question beyond a doubt. Whenever bone is intended to be expressed, it is not a mere protrusion, but characterized by all the planes and angles which that individual bone has. Tendon is *tendon*, and not to be mistaken for anything else; and these, as well as all the muscles and veins which manifest themselves superficially, are so well rendered, that an anatomist sees at once that no one could have so expressed them, without an intimate acquaintance with all the internal details of anatomy.

We who wear coats and breeches, and are delighted with the *petite* and *delicate*, should not suggest to heroic men how to look at Nature.

Yours, very truly,

H. K. Brown.

It is a matter of doubt if the "Hand-Book" is a valuable accession to our Art literature. Should it command entire deference, it must do injury, for the range of vision from Mr. Leslie's point of view is too small to admit of its being considered a true examination of Art. It might be a hand-book for amateurs who seek a superficial acquaintance with Art, but as a guide for those who aspire to be genuine artists, and who wish to be grounded in the first principles of their profession, it has no claim whatever.

RELIGION AND ART.—It is a favorite commonplace that Protestants, by their religious doctrines, are debarred the exercise of the fine arts as applied to religious subjects. If this were really the case, they would labor under a great disadvantage as compared with the Roman Catholic; for the arts, far from desecrating religion, afford one of the most important means of inspiring a religious feeling in the widest circles, and in the most dignified, impressive, and intelligible manner. All real art, when applied in the representation of such subjects, not only excites that feeling in the mind, but also exercises a further and most powerful influence, by awakening and cultivating the sense of beauty which slumbers in every human bosom; thus contributing in a two-fold mode to the improvement and elevation of the human race.—*Dr. Waagen*.

UNQUESTIONABLY the greatest architectural achievement of the reign of Philip IV. of Spain, was the Pantheon, or royal cemetery of the Escorial, planned for Philip III. by the Italian architect Crescenci, and finished, after thirty years' labor, for his son. This splendid subterranean chapel was consecrated with great pomp on the 15th of March, 1654, in the presence of the king and the court; when the bodies of Charles V., and his son and grandson, and the queens, who had continued the royal race, were carried down the stately stairs of jasper, and were reverently laid, each in its sumptuous urn; a Jeronymite friar pronouncing an eloquent funeral sermon, on a text from Ezekiel—"Oh ye dry bones, hear the word of the Lord." Hither Philip IV. was wont to come, when melancholy—the fatal taint of his blood—was strong upon him; to hear mass and meditate on death, sitting in the niche which was shortly to receive his bones.—*Life of Velazquez*.